VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, JANUARY 27, 1887. NUMBER 213.

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A FRUGAL MIND.

He: I HARDLY THINK I'LL GO TO-NIGHT. PLEASE EXPRESS MY REGRET, AND ALL THAT, YOU KNOW.

She: WHY, WHAT CHANGED YOUR MIND SO SUDDENLY?

He: I UNDERSTAND THAT MR. CRANE-FALLON, THE PALMIST, IS TO BE THERE, AND I CAN'T STAND THE EXPENSE. I HAD ONE HAND CALLED LAST NIGHT THAT COST ME EIGHTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. JANUARY 27, 1887. No. 213.

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WE want to see a sufficient provision made for Mrs. Logan by private subscription. For Congress to grant her a comfortable pension may seem pleasant and laudable, but it is not a proper precedent, and the next lady who is left in her plight would have good reason to complain if Congress did not provide for her also.

General Logan's widow ought to have a decent income. But it should come from private subscription, not from Congress.

* * *

SEVERAL of our contemporaries, notably the motherly *Tribune*, and the *Evening Post*, are devoting much of their space to the domestic-service problem. The problem is how to get the unhired girl to hire out to a private family in preference to becoming a shop-girl, or seeking employment of a manufacturer. The solution at which our wise neighbors arrive is, that would-be mistresses must make domestic service more attractive, not so much by requiring less work as by establishing friendlier relations with their servants. Money buys very much in this world, but the most valuable services cannot be bought. Friendly consideration goes almost as far as good wages in securing good servants and keeping them. The trouble with most women who are constantly at loggerheads with their maids is that they (the mistresses), do not understand their business. They are not good enough democrats. They regard themselves as of a different clay from their servants, and conduct themselves in accordance with that idea. Silly creatures! Their servants can make them happy or miserable, according to their whim. Is it not worth while for them to try and keep on good terms with people whose power is so great, and with whom their associations are so intimate?

* * *

THE ingenious Mr. Edward Atkinson, whose head for figures is so notorious, is advertised to demonstrate in next month's *Century*, that, whereas by general average an American citizen pays less than four dollars and a half a year for government, it costs the subjects of Kaiser Wilhelm twelve dollars apiece. This must be taken as the reason why the Reichstag and Prince Bismarck have fallen out, and it further furnishes to every American proper grounds for blessing himself in that he is what he is, and belongs to no European nation.

Bismarck's speech, and the resulting fracas, has had one effect, for which we cannot be too deeply grateful. It has given the cable companies fresh meat, and superseded the endless drivellings about Bulgaria which have bored this devoted country so long.

* * *

MR. LOVERING, of Massachusetts, has introduced into the House a bill granting a pension of $25 a month to Walt Whitman, The objection to most irregular private pensions is, that their bestowal creates a bad precedent. No such objection can be urged in this case. Walt Whitman is unique, and it is not likely that there will ever be another poet enough like him to claim a pension because he had one. Neither is $300 a year in itself a sufficient endowment to tempt youth from the paths of peace into the paths of poetry. Let Walt have his pension—if he will take it. His wants are few, and this meagre income might supply them. For the credit of the country, don't let him be driven in his age to write for bread, and maybe rival Tennyson.

* * *

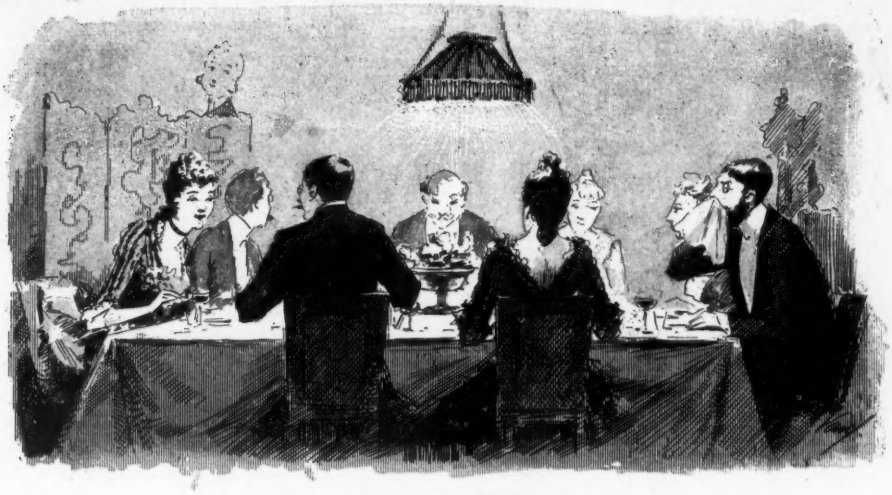
ARE we going short of coal, or will the fight abate? The question whether twenty or twenty-two and a-half cents an hour constitutes proper wages for coal-handlers is interesting, but it is not nearly so important to the people of New York as the fact that the weather has been very cold, that coal has been scarce and costly, and that the greatest sufferers from the fuel famine have been the poor. The impression gains ground that the millennium is not crowding upon us any closer for all the combinations of labor that modern ideas have brought us.

* * *

DR. McGLYNN, poor man, is fighting a losing battle. In his character as reformer, he is arrayed against himself in his character as a priest, and he will fall. The inconvenience of belonging to an hierarchical church in which it is impracticable to bolt and set up a hall of his own, must be vividly brought home to him.

* * *

IT was with much regret that LIFE learned of the illness of its favorite diplomat and congressman, Mr. S. S. Cox. The sun has seemed a candle brighter since Mr. Cox returned to his native heath and his fellow-citizens, deserting forever the haughty Turk, and we do not like to hear that he has even the most infinitesimal symptoms of those ills which modern greatness seems heir to.



NO EPICURE.

Young Hostess: I MUST SHOW YOU MY BABY, MR. BROWN; ARE YOU FOND OF THEM?
Brown (absent minded): YES—OH YES! BUT I HAVEN'T EATEN ANY LATELY.

"THE HIGHLY IRASCIBLE CHANCELLOR."

CHANCELLOR BISMARCK has brought his Teutonic thumb into play and endeavors to crush the Reichstag into compliance with his wishes in respect to the German army.

That was a very subtle distinction which the Chancellor made between the army of his choice and that of the Mugwump Windthorst—Imperial or Parliamentary.

A Parlormentary force may do for the leaders of the German in this country, but with a man like Boulanger, with his legions of French dancing-masters waltzing along the borders of Alsace and Lorraine, it is hardly to be wondered at that the Chancellor desires something more stable.

THERE is a rumor abroad that Mayor Hewitt, in a fit of abstraction, attended a Wagner opera one night last week, and became so excited that he read the riot act and threatened to call out the militia if the disturbance didn't quell itself.

TO CAPTAIN WILLIAMS.

THAT you, dear captain, should be called
A man of mettle, is most proper,
Considering the well-established fact
That you're a copper. *J. K. B.*

SIGNOR JOSEPH TOSSO, the late violinist and composer, used to say of himself: "My father was an Italian, my mother a Frenchwoman. I was born on board a Spanish ship, sailing under the English flag in Mexican waters."

It is safe to assume that Signor Joseph died of International complications.

SEATS in the United States Senate cost nearly as much as seats at the opera.

MRS. SPRIGGINS thinks that a certain young lady of her acquaintance has no sense of proprietorship, because when the funeral was passing she had her sleigh driven right through the center of the corsage.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

A BOND OF SYMPATHY.

NOW the boy and pedagogue on
The Toboggan
Scoot
Down the chute,
And when they reach the level,
Go like the —— Dickens.

And when, next morn, the urchin can't decide
Whether he should multiply or divide,
The master cannot find the heart to chide
The kid
With whom he slid
That slide.

* * *

THERE was once a time when we wondered what the difference was between an Alderman-at-Large and a plain, every-day Alderman.

We think we perceive a difference now.

* * *

BARBEROUS.

Artist: WITH OR WITHOUT, SIR?
Stout Party (glancing at razor): WITH OR WITHOUT WHAT?
Artist: CHLOROFORM.
Stout Party: OH, ETHER!

* * *

MR. SALISBURY, the Premier, not the Troubadour, has assumed charge of the British Foreign Office.

This is an appropriate selection on the part of the Prime Minister. He has always been more or less at sea in his official life, and he must know how to do it by this time.

A PHILOSOPHER once said: Every man is a volume. From the veracity of a majority of mankind, we imagine the Philosopher meant a bound volume of newspapers.

* * *

EVERY workman would be a capitalist if he could, simply because of the principal involved.

* * *

FOTHERINGHAM, the falsely accused express manager, will probably recover damages for his imprisonment at the rate of $400 per day.

Will some kind corporation step up and falsely imprison us? All offers received previous to February 1st will be attended to at 50 per cent. off for cash.

* * *

JAY GOULD is said to have gone through life leisurely. Indeed he has. It has taken him fifty-two years to get this far, and we know plenty of people who reached 1887 in less than half that time.

* * *

THE price of coal may rise, but the number of hundred-weight to the ton rarely gets above nineteen, with the driver and cart weighed in.

* * *

AN unkind critic insinuates that the lovely Lilian Russell is so much a thing of the past, that when she is spoken of as Solomon's wife, people hesitate and wonder which Solomon it was.

* * *

WE clip the following astonishing sentence from that compendium of pure English, the N. Y. *Sun:*

"For the past thirty days it has been the talk on 'Change that Norman B. Ream, whose $200,000 residence was burned this morning and whose luck for three years has been so phenomenal, that from being so thoroughly "busted" that he had to order his trades closed he is now worth several millions, has at last been hoodooed."

We have the greatest respect for our esteemed contemporary, Mr. Dana. We believe that as a vocabulary, as a journalist, and as a friend to the undertaker, he is without his equal in this country, but we think he owes the public some explanation as to this new verb, "to hoodoo." Whence is it doorived? Who dood it, so to speak? And what did the dude who did do it mean it to mean? And should he not have said that Mr. Ream has at last been hoodone, and have gone on to tell hoodone it?

We ask these questions in behalf of that large class of readers who aid Mr. Dana in paying the interest on the $175,000 mortgage his concern has recently acquired, as well as to assist the editors of the *Century's* new ten-volume dictionary in their efforts to make up their last nine volumes from new words emanating from the inventive faculties of the gentlemen of the press.

DURING this opening month of the year Jack Frost has smiled benignly upon us and enabled us to enjoy the bracing atmosphere despite the twinge of rheumatism which the Executive limb seems heir to. Fortunately for the people it is the left leg which suffers and the right continues to eject offensive partisans from office with all the energy of the wild mob's million feet. The gentleman who owns the copyright of the untamed rabble's centi-pedalities, has twanged his lyre to a most lugubrious tune, in which Progress is reduced to the level of a crime, and Poetry becomes a capital offense.

Yet to this discordant shriek of the Laureate, the one man who has had the hardest knocks from the Progressive element of the United Kingdom, returns blow for blow with a force that shows that the brawn and muscle which has felled many an oak, is still on hand to thwack in old-time style the wormwood which throws the Poet's heart into the shade.

Germany, France, Russia, Bulgaria and the other great powers of Europe have spent the month in ineffectual efforts to have somebody remove the chip of discord from somebody else's shoulder. Boulanger and Bismarck, the busiest B's of Europe, are endeavoring to lay up treasures on earth which will materially aid in the population of heaven—and elsewhere.

Taken as a whole, January is safe to slide down the Toboggan chute of time into the plain of history as the most successful month of the New Year up to date.

UNANIMITY.

IT clearly was a put up job,
He knew it all the while;
And though he had to see her home,
He did not like her style.

And when they parted at the gate,
She muttered with a sigh,
"I'll be at home to-morrow night,"
He answered, "So will I."

E. D. Ward.

BEES may be said to be paradoxical in that they are stingy, yet not parsimonious.

BOOKISHNESS.

A FEW BOOKS OF DIGNITY AND VALUE.

AFTER the usual holiday lull in book-making the presses have begun again to hum, and publishers are making ready for the "spring trade." There are even indications that for a month or two we will be spared the flood of cheap fiction which is accumulating for "light summer reading." Certain it is that between the artistic horrors of the holiday season and the sentimental nonsense of vacation time there should be a brief period for books of some dignity and weight. One can hardly expect any additions to literature, but there may be something added to the store of valuable information.

* * *

THOSE who enjoy the society of the bright and learned men in politics and literature, who have adorned the reign of Queen Victoria, will find a near and pleasing view of Macaulay, Thackeray, Gladstone, Palmerston, and a host of others, in the two volumes of "The Hayward Letters" (Scribner & Welford). There are no startling or disagreeable revelations, but much that is genial and very human in the light confidences of eminent men who prized the fine sympathy and friendship of Abraham Hayward.

We are promised another glimpse of literary London in the Memoir of Charles Reade, which Harper's will soon publish. There may be many opinions as to the merit of Reade's novels, but only one as to his decided force, originality, and inventive power. These indicate a strong individuality which should make his life very entertaining reading.

* * *

AMONG American books, the brilliant essay of Edgar Saltus on "The Anatomy of Negation" (Scribner & Welford), will attract the attention of the scholarly. This is in line with his "Philosophy of Disenchantment," and, like it, is a glorification of unbelief. The charm of the book is, however, not its philosophy, but its style. The writer has the temerity to sum up whole systems of thought in a paragraph, and to overthrow cherished beliefs with an epigram. He catalogues men as though they were rocks. "Montaigne," he says, "wrote about nothing at all with a charm that has never been excelled." Luther, he tells us, was "a courageous blunderer." Voltaire and Diderot were the authors of two works which are not catalogued—"The French Revolution" and "Modern Thought." Diderot was "a giant whose head was in the clouds and whose feet were in the mud."

And summing up the philosophy of it all, he says: "Life seldom seems other than an immense, an unnecessary infliction."

* * *

THE pages of LIFE are not for the discussion of philosophy. It is only as very clever literature that we have referred to this book. The best antidote for its pessimism is a hearty laugh, a bit of good-fellowship, or a ten-mile walk. Mr. Saltus himself prescribes "good health" and "indifference."

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

THE GOLDEN JUSTICE. By William Henry Bishop. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Cocoa and Chocolate. A Short History of their Production and Use. Dorchester: Walter Baker & Co.

Rhodes' Journal of Banking. Published monthly. By Bradford, Rhodes & Co., New York.

A Year in Eden. By Harriet Waters Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A Question of Identity. No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Helen's Babies. By John Habberton. Two Hundreth Edition. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

AN OPEN LETTER.

LORD TENNYSON, Esq.

Dear Lord:—I have read with feelings of unmixed delight your latest addition to Locksley Hall. I now feel tolerably certain that there is one poet beside myself who can't write poetry, and I point with some excusable pride to the fact that in spite of your superior advantages, it has taken you longer to reach this point in your career than it has me. I got there in two short years—not without assiduous labor, however—and I feel that, with Miss Cleveland and yourself, I may now settle down on my laurels with the comforting assurance that whatever poems I may write will invariably be returned to me with the thanks and regrets of the editor. And, if your Lordship has failed to notice it in your own experience, the knowledge that one's verses will surely be returned him is, in this country, a source of income in itself. I have added at least five hundred pounds per annum to my modest competence by burning my poems as I write them, saving thereby the postage to and fro; and as I grow older and more prolific with my pen, this sum will constantly increase until, second childhood reached, I shall retire from the business free from the want of an uncanceled stamp, at all events.

A recent cable despatch from our friend Gladstone informs us that he has answered your poem in the *Nineteenth Century*, praising your metrical ability and fanciful facility, which it is the fashionable thing to think you still possess. This, of course, makes it unnecessary for me to take exception to any of your statements relative to Progress, or to say anything concerning the construction of your recent effort. So I may come to business at once.

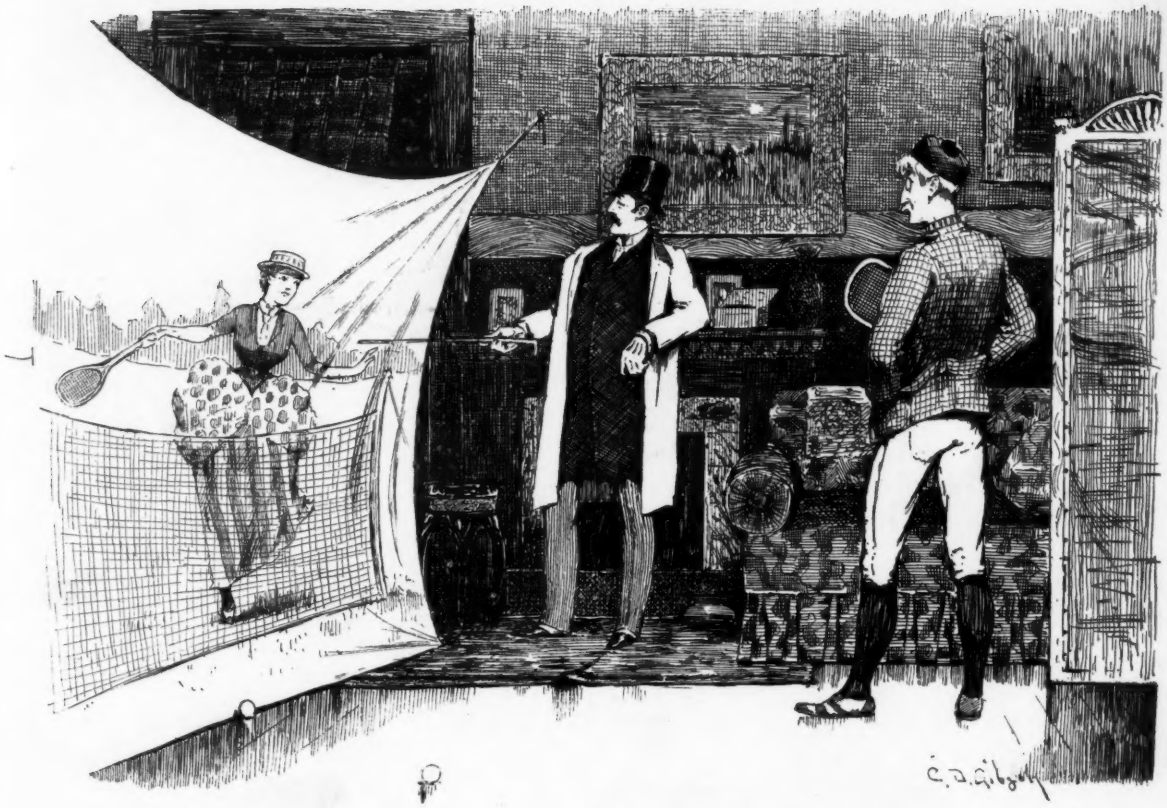
Will you kindly write an ode for LIFE commemorating the accession of Mr. "Fatty" Walsh to the Wardenship of the Tombs? If you could do this for us, bringing in that beautiful "You-You" business, with one or two allusions to the Wild Mob's Million Feet accelerating Mr. Walsh's departure sooner or later, you would greatly oblige.

I'll drop in at Locksley the next time I'm abroad and talk over a comic opera scheme with you.

With regards to the Queen.

Yours truly,

Carlyle Smith.



IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.

Cholly: SHE ISN'T A VERY LIVELY PLAYER, AWTHAW, BUT I'M GETTING SOME SPLENDID ANGLE PRACTICE AGAINST THE CANVAS, Y'KNOW.

LACRIMÆ RERUM.

I AWAITED his coming a year,
And I thought, "When he comes, he'll propose."
I practiced his favorite songs,
I brought out my prettiest clothes—
A love of a gown, made by Worth,
Tender blue, with a touch of pale rose;
For hours I polished my nails;
I read up both poems and prose,
But alas! when the fatal day came,
I'd a boil on the end of my nose!

E. S. N.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SUCCESSFUL JOURNALIST.

ONE of the most entertaining bits of autobiography we have ever read is the following account of his professional life, with its disappointments and rewards, by a Texas editor:

Been asked to drink	11,362
Drank	11,362
Requested to retract	416
Did Retract	416
Invited to parties and receptions by parties fishing for puffs	3,333
Took the hint	33
Didn't take the hint	3,300
Threatened to be whipped	170
Been whipped	0
Whipped the other fellow	4
Didn't come to time	166
Been promised whisky, gin, etc., if he would go after them	5,610
Been after them	5,610
Been asked what's the news	300,000
Told	23
Didn't know	200,000
Lied about it	99,977
Been to church	2
Changed politics	32
Expect to change still	50
Gave to charity	$5.00
Gave for terrier dog	$25.00
Cash on hand	$1.00

We doubt if the editor of any one of our New York dailies could compress so much entertaining reminiscence into so little space. We also question whether in the whole rank and file of New York newspaperdom there will be found a thousandth part of the frankness displayed by this Texan brother in his graphic portrayal of those personal characteristics which go to make up the successful journalist of to-day.

THE MUS HE

ITS EFFECT ON AMERICAN OF DI

MUS HE FUTURE.

ERICAN OF DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES.

THE first-nighters of New York were on the tiptoe of expectancy on Tuesday night, when Mr. Augustin Daly fulfilled his promise to present Shakespeare's farce, the "Taming of the Shrew." There was a tendency among them to doubt the ability of the company to do justice to the poet's work, but this was soon dispelled, and even the critics were seen to applaud.

The *Petruchio* of Mr. Drew, whose characteristic buoyancy was peculiarly appropriate to his rollicking conception of his part, was a noteworthy performance, as was fully attested by the rounds of applause which recalled that gentleman before the curtain.

Miss Rehan—who, by a strange unanimity of the critics, was set down as physically unequal to *Katharine*, and who, it may therefore be safely assumed was personally adequate to the undertaking—has rarely appeared to greater advantage. Such faults as can truly be attributed to her were more largely due to Mr. Daly's adaptation than to any personal shortcomings.

The love-making of Mr. Otis Skinner's *Lucentio* with Miss Dreher's *Bianca* was a charming feature of the performance, while Mr. Gilbert as the philosophic *Sly*, Mr. Clarke as the *Duke—alias George Jones*, according to Mr. Joe Howard—carried nicely such honors as the Induction afforded. Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Lewis made much of small parts, and the genial Charles Fisher was as vigorous as ever as the unhappy individual who was responsible for the shrewish bride.

* * *

THIS is the second and last week of Miss Helen Hastings' engagement at the Union Square Theatre. This pretty and vivacious young lady from over the sea, comes among us with an honest reliance upon her own merits, that is most refreshing after the many besmirched stars the mother country has been sending us of late. Miss Hastings has a pleasing manner, and is sincere and unaffected. Although the play itself is very amusing, it is not of the deepest profundity, and we hope her talents may soon vivify something less farcical than "Pen and Ink." She can certainly do it.

NOT RECEIVING ANYONE.

WIFE (*to sick husband*): A gentleman down-stairs, John, wishes to see you.

SICK HUSBAND: I 'm too sick to see anyone.

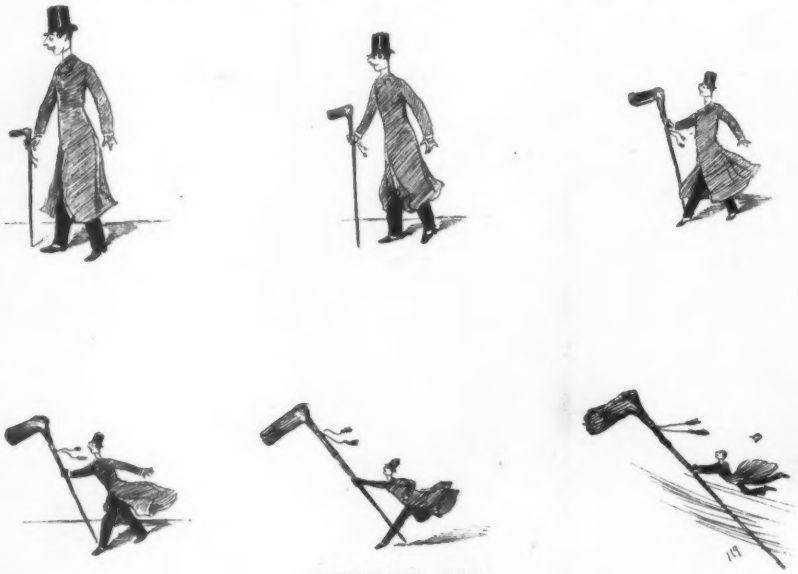
WIFE: It's the minister, John.

SICK HUSBAND: Well, I am not sick enough to see him yet.

GENERAL BOULANGER recently toasted President Cleveland at a French Banquet.

If the war minister would go a little farther and broil Bismarck, he could make himself an Emperor.

THE costumes at the Charity Ball covered a multitude of shins.



VERBUM SAP.

A WARNING TO CHOLLY NOT TO BE "CARRIED AWAY" BY THE FASHION.

A PIECE OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

COUNTRY EDITOR (*soliciting a subscription*): Now, my friend, the *Weekly Bugle* contains all the latest news of the day up to the hour of going to press, and costs but one dollar a year. Can you afford to do without it?

CITIZEN (*hesitatingly*): Well, it may be a trifle extravagant for a man of my limited means, but I'll try to.

WE can only account for some of the costumes at the opera, on the ground that the ladies think that when they go to the diva's they should dress as the divers do.

GRAY hair being fashionable, elderly ladies never say dye.

OMENS: GOOD AND BAD.

FINDING a horseshoe or a twenty dollar gold piece is a symptom of luck.

* * *

STUB your right toe and you are going where you are wanted—your left, where you are not wanted. Stub both and you will go where you don't want to go yourself.

* * *

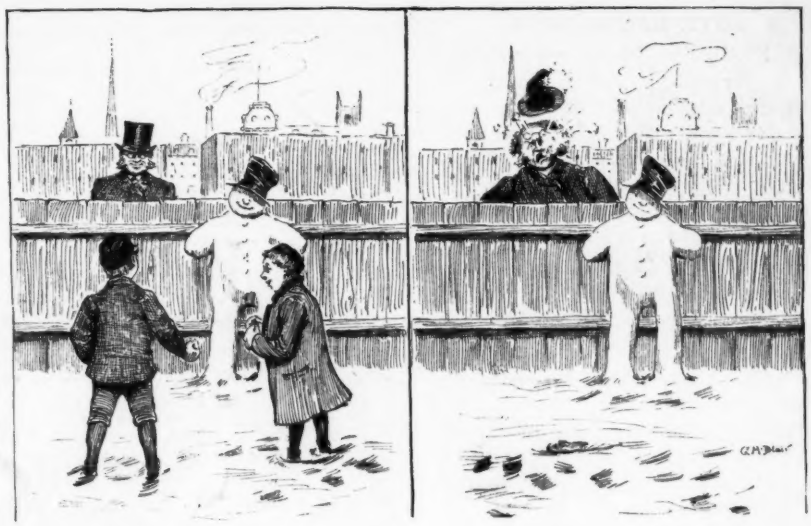
IF you leave your wine-closet unlocked, your servant will have a red nose and you will lose your wine.

* * *

IF you see a new moon through the glass, you will have sorrow as long as it lasts; and if you see a nail in the heel of your shoe, you will suffer until you pull it out.

* * *

IF you break a mirror it is a sign that someone will die within the year, and if the mirror belongs to another man you will have to pay for it.



CONSISTENCY, THOU ART A JEWEL.

OLD GENT (*a warm admirer of youthful sport*): NOW, BOYS, PLUG UP HIS EYE AND KNOCK HIS HAT OFF. BLESS THEIR LITTLE HEARTS, HOW THEY DO ENJOY THAT HEALTHFUL EXERCISE!

OLD GENT (*with equal warmth*): 'OD ROT THOSE LITTLE SCOUNDRELS. THERE'S GOT TO BE A STOP PUT TO THIS INFERNAL SNOWBALLING.

PALMISTRY.

SHE traced with dainty finger,
Upon his open palm,
A fortune of riches and honor
Without one touch of harm.

The line of his life was long,
There was intellect too, she said,
But when she broke at the line of heart,
She gravely shook her head.

"A serious matter already,
And you not twenty-four?
Why not a vestige of heart remains.
Such lines I never saw!"

He bent his head and whispered,
"I'll explain that if I may:
I've not a vestige of heart, because
You've stolen my heart away."

M. W. W.

A BOY who will feign cramps about school-time is indulging in champagne.

ADONIS is now being performed at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

Appropriate enough.

THE beggar who asked for a crust, wasn't satisfied when he got it. He wanted the crust of the earth.

SCRAPS.

THERE is a strong movement among the members of Congress to take their feet off their desks during the meetings of that august body, so that the members in the rear seats may see the Speaker.

OUR congratulations to Mr. Hiscock, condolences to Mr. Miller, and thanks to Mr. L. P. Morton who has largely contributed to the result at Albany. It is money makes the mare go, but solid worth sometimes brings the dark horse to the front. Mr. Hiscock is, by a large majority, the most deserving of the triolet who have striven for the senatorial toga, and it is gratifying to note that in these days, when all officers from aldermen to senators have more or less boodle qualifications, a man who owns less than four railroads and a telegraph company, with a reserve fund of valuable franchises, can get to the top.

We trust that Mr. Hiscock will urge Mr. Evarts on to breaking that silence which the past has shown is not due to lack of words, and which at present would seem to indicate a lack of ideas.

AN art museum for Princeton is President McCosh's present desire.

It certainly ought to be established. There are many artistic fossils in Princeton that need an asylum, and, as an example of an old master, Dr. McCosh is a glorious success. But may the old master never be hung!

BOTH HANDS BUSY.

A NEGRO in Alabama was brought up for stealing a pair of chickens, but declared, solemnly, that he "didn't steal dem ar fowls," declaring, on the other hand, that the complainant had beaten him brutally with a club.

"But," said the judge, "you're twice as large and strong as he is, why didn't you defend yourself?"

"Why, jedge, see hyar; I had a chicken in each hand, an' what's two raw chickens agin' a club?"

ONE of the Chicago clergymen declared the ballet to be "inexcusably fleshy." The reverend gentleman's knowledge of the ballet is superficial. It is not inexcusably "fleshy;" it is inexcusably "saw-dusty."

A PHILADELPHIA EPISODE.

YOUNG MRS. B.: Do tell me, Dr. Gruel, in a really scientific way, do you consider our Schuykill water either healthy or fit to drink?

DR. G. (*who holds a political appointment on the Board of Health*): Viewed in the light of a beverage, its wholesome qualities are abused by many; but if taken by the spoonful, and properly chewed, I consider it both nutritious and toothsome.

IN the light of recent events, the old chestnut that "Britannia rules the waves" seems a trifle idiyachtic.

THE REBOUND.

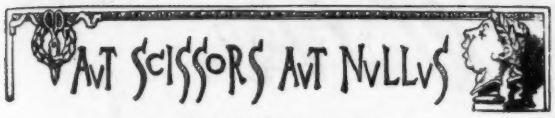
Mrs. Grudge: WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE POSSESSED MRS. BROWN TO TELL ME YOUR MOTHER KEPT A BOARDING-HOUSE, MRS. PARVENUE?

Sally Parvenue (*who is precocious*): PERHAPS IT WAS THE SAME REASON THAT MADE HER TELL MAMMA YOUR FATHER DROVE A HACK.

Binks intends visiting the Lenox Library, and hearing there are no seats in that temple of luxury, he hits upon a device which will add materially to his wife's comfort.

It works beautifully, and they begin to feel themselves repaid for all the red-tape required to effect an entrance, when they hear a footstep in the corridor.

In his agitation, he pulls too soon the string for concealing the device, and with the above result. Binks now shares the popular sentiments in regard to the L. L. as an educator.



AN IMPARTIAL JUDGE.

"YOU have heard all the evidence," said the judge in summing up, "you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them have said, then I'll be hanged if I know what you will do."—*Ex.*

A CARD.—We return many thanks to those noble workers, in saving our household effects on Sunday last. May His shining smile guide all in future, and may His frowns follow those who pillaged so heavily after all was saved.—ALEX. OLDHAM.—*Ex.*

A CHESTNUT WORTH PRESERVING.

A STORY is told of a man of a very silent disposition, who, riding in his gig over a bridge, turned about and asked his servant if he liked eggs. The man replied "Yes, sir." Nothing more was said on the subject till the following year, when driving over the same bridge again, the master suddenly turned again to his servant, and said, "How?" to which the man promptly responded, "Poached, sir!"

BOUND TO HAVE THE DOLL.

A VERY little miss was busy yesterday amusing herself with her doll, when she was observed to pause suddenly and think intently for a moment. Then, turning to her mother, she said: "Mamma, when I die, can I take my dollie to heaven?" "No, my child; they don't have dolls in heaven." Whereupon the little one indignantly exclaimed: "Den I'll take my dollie to hell and play by de fire."—*Buffalo Courier.*

CARDS UNNECESSARY.

Two ladies had an amusing experience in making a formal call at a house on Linwood Avenue the other day. The maid asked them to wait until she ascertained whether the persons inquired for were in. Presently she tripped down-stairs, and announced that "the ladies were not at home." One of the callers, finding that she had forgotten her cards, said to her friend: "Let me write my name on your card." "Oh, it isn't at all necessary, Miss ——," put in the maid, cheerfully, "I told them who it was!" *Exeunt ambo*, with suppressed emotion.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

COLORED WORSHIPPER: Mistah Clarence, wasn't dem Patriarchs of old de mos' forgetfullest men you ebber knowed of?

MR. C.: How so, Mr. Johnson?

MR. J.: Why, I heered de preacher at my house ob worship, read out de good book, time an' time again, how Abraham he ferget Isaac, an' Isaac he ferget Jacob, an' Jacob he ferget a whole lot moah. 'Pears like dem Patriarchs couldn't 'member anybody.—*Pittsburgh Bulletin.*

BOUND TO BE WITH THE ENGLISH.

PONSONBY: Awthaw, I'm going to take a spin in my cutter this afternoon. Will you join me?

DE TWIRLIGER: With pleasure, dear boy, but where is the snow?

PONSONBY: "Awthaw, I'm actually shocked. Haven't you heard of the great snow-storm in England?—*Philadelphia Call.*

"WELL, that's just like the cheek of these foreign artists," observed Mrs. Snaggs. "What is?" asked her husband. "Why, that man, Munkacsy is coming back here next summer to paint Niagara Falls, and I believe he'll just spoil them, so I do."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

WIFE: You talked in your sleep last night, John, and you mentioned mother's name.

HUSBAND: That so? It must have been that mince pie I ate before going to bed.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The word "LOWELL" appears in CAPITAL letters in the back of Lowell, Wilton, and Body-Brussels, at every repeat of the pattern. Look carefully to the trade-marks and be sure you get the genuine LOWELL carpets.

For nearly Half a Century
LOWELL CARPETS
Have been acknowledged to be the
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The grade has never been lowered, and the Company unhesitatingly challenge comparison with the production of any manufacturer in the world.
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LADIES' TAILOR,
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Reduced Prices
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N. B.—All garments made at reduced prices to be embraced within the above period.

Model garments remaining on hand offered at half price.

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Straight Cut Cigarettes.
People of refined taste who desire exceptionally fine cigarettes should use only our Straight Cut, put up in satin packets and boxes of 10s, 20s, 50s, and 100s. *14 Prize Medals.*
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English Silk Mackintoshes, in entirely new designs, have just been received. *These goods can be purchased* ***only*** *from the Redfern Establishments.*

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The fourth and enlarged edition of our book, "**A Few Flowers Worthy of General Culture,**" ready February 1st, is certainly the most beautiful work on flowers yet published. In it we have endeavored to show how a most lovely and fascinating garden can be made with hardy plants, and how great a mistake is the present almost universal custom of using nothing but the so-called bedding plants, geraniums, coleus, etc., for gardening purposes. The book is superbly printed, and among its contents are the following illustrated papers: "Hardy Plants and the Modes of Arranging Them," "Tropical Garden Effects," "Hardy Plants in England," "Decorative Possibilities of Hardy Climbers," "Roses Old and New," "Splendid Garden Effects with Hardy Lilies," "The Making of the Hardy Border," "Success with Hardy Roses," and "Rhododendrons, Kalmias, and Hardy Azaleas." The illustrations are profuse and most artistic, and show the garden effects of different plants.

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The *Musa Ensete* (the Great Abyssinian Banana) is a remarkable and the most beautiful plant known for producing a tropical effect in the garden or lawn. We have a large and almost exclusive stock, which we offer at very low prices.

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Great success of Benjamin Constant's Famous Picture,
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Grand Opening Day:
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Concerts from 3 to 5 and 8 to 11.
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EVERY EVENING at 8.15; MATINEES BEGIN AT 2.
Tuesday Evening, Jan. 18th, for the First Time in this country, Shakespeare's Comedy of Contrasts, in five acts, entitled THE TAMING OF THE SHREW, with Mr. Drew, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Fisher, Mr. George Clarke, Mr. Skinner, Mr. Joseph Holland, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Leclercq, Mr. Bond, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Dreher, Miss Gordon and Miss Rehan in the chief parts.

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THE hotel clerk was studying his chin through a small hand-mirror, when a guest said:

"One moment, sir, please."

The clerk continued his investigation intently.

"One moment, sir, if you please," repeated the guest.

And still the clerk's absorbing occupation went on. Finally he turned slowly, and said:

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

"I want to buy the earth," said the guest, "if you don't ask too much money for it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

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"DID you ever try a toboggan?" asked Tom Reed of the Hon. Frank Lawler.

"No," replied Frank, scornfully. "I don't believe in them fancy drinks. I always take mine plain and old-fashioned."—*Washington Critic.*

CHICAGO MAN: You seem wonderfully interested in that paper, Jinks; anything stirring?

ST. LOUIS MAN: Oh, no; but you see it's a home paper sent me from St. Louis." "Oh, that's it!" "Yes. I was reading a remarkably good article, entitled: 'The Horse Car Must Go!'" "Humph! Don't even the horse cars go in that town?"—*Omaha World.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES got mad at his breakfast table the other day. He opened a Western paper that had been sent to him, and read that: "A young man, named Holmes, has been turning out some very pretty verses in Boston recently, and we hope to give our readers the pleasure of perusing some of his work in the near future."—*Puck.*

DOWN in Ohio a woman had a drummer arrested for winking at her. When the trial came off, it was found that the eye which she claimed he wunk, was a very clever glass imitation of the human optic. Of course this put a stop to the suit, but she was bound to get square with somebody, so she found out where the eye was made, and presented a bill to the firm for the advertising she had given them.—*Peck's Sun.*

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There's a sweet *Magnolia* growing,
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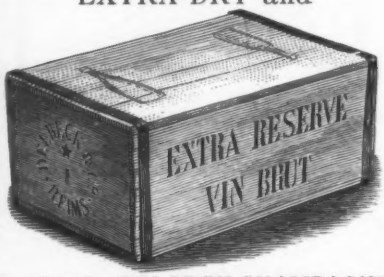

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